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Vol. LXXXIII

No. 4

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED
BY THE
Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

JANUARY, 1918

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YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIII

JANUARY, 1918

No. 4

EDITORS.

PHILIP BARRY
STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT
JOHN F. CARTER, JR.

EDITORS IN SERVICE.

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CONCENTRATION.

IT is an accepted fact that a divided mind offers a splendid breeding ground for discontent and unhappiness—and that the quickest way to reach a definite goal is by active concentration upon it, to the exclusion of all irrelevant material. The greatest immediate problem of Yale University as an institution of learning, is to find a means of keeping men in college. The R. O. T. C., although it has accomplished much in other respects, has completely failed in this regard, for in spite of all statements to the contrary, it is not, and at present cannot be the most important thing to its members, who are constantly turning from drill to the classroom from military art to Pictorial Art. Either the curriculum or the R. O. T. C. must suffer, and in the majority of cases it has been both.

The root of the whole trouble lies in the fact that the attainment of a degree is essentially a peace pursuit, and war and peace cannot be mingled. So long as the attempt to combine these two diverse elements is persisted in, undergraduates in increasing numbers will give up the fruitless struggle and continue to leave college to enter the ranks.

At present we are not considering the individual, who is always given the privilege of deciding for himself which way his duty lies. We are considering the University, which, in order to maintain comparative intactness, and to realize its

traditional ideals, must find some way of quieting the troubled waters and settling the unhealthy ferment which threatens greater disorganization as time goes on.

As a purely utilitarian measure it is necessary for Yale to offer more attractions to the undergraduate, if it means to keep him in college for a length of time sufficient for him to derive benefit from the excellent advantages offered by the R. O. T. C. Under present conditions, there is no denying that these attractions must be of a military nature. When one hungers for an opportunity to take his place as a trained soldier in active service beside his fellows, he can hardly be expected to evidence even an average interest in the subjects of peace.

Radical steps must be taken and a definite method of operation decided upon before the reopening of College next fall. Perhaps the sanest suggestion for effecting the purpose of the University is one which found its source in a recent discussion among a group of Seniors. It is, in short, as follows: 1, That the University be divided into two separate departments: one military, and one Academic or Scientific; 2, that the military department offer a course (including such studies as French, physics, mathematics and the like) of three years' duration, leading to a commission, and that members of this department be regularly enlisted and subject to military discipline; 3, that the college or scientific department be a four-year course entirely separated from the military, as in peace times; and 4, that provided the war be terminated before the completion of the R. O. T. C. course, the members be permitted to transfer to the second department with full credit toward a degree for the time spent in the military department.

It will be seen that this definite line of demarcation between the departments would obviate the evils arising from the present futile vacillation between the two extremes, curriculum and military work. The regular academic and scientific courses given with an idea of their military end in view, in connection with the purely military work would total a sufficient number of hours to justify the University in crediting them toward a degree, if peace should be declared within the three years prescribed for the course.

The success of such a project depends largely upon the decision reached by the powers that reign in Washington, but there seems to be little doubt that such a complete course will lead to a direct commission upon its conclusion. At any rate, the University cannot continue to serve two masters. The plan, revolutionary as it is, is a good one, and distinctly worth the serious consideration of undergraduate and the Corporation alike.

Philip Barry.

WAR SECTION

CONVOYED.

August 18, 1917.

DEAREST M—— :

I am in Paris again, this time on my seven days' leave. I had planned to go on a trip through the valley of the Loire, as I told you before, but before leaving camp I found out definitely that I could go to the transport officers' training camp at Meaux and as they weren't sure just when it would begin I had to stay here where they could get hold of me in case it began before my permission was ended.

Since I have been here I have inquired all over the place about an artillery school for reserve U. S. officers, but it still looks like an impossibility for me to get into it and so I shall go to Meaux and play safe on that, hoping to have something else turn up later. Not that I intend to slight that training in the least; I shall do as well as I can in it, for that may help me later.

Paris is just the same old place. P—— C—— and I run around seeing the sights and looking for inexpensive restaurants. We are getting our rooms free, bunking with a few dozen other permissionaires in an old chapel loaned to the service, yet even then it is hard to eat within twelve or fifteen francs a day. The best place we have found yet is Duval's; maybe you remember them—clean little restaurants.

Some time I hope to meet some French people of the better class, and really form a fair judgment of this nation. All we see are those walking around the streets—and I am afraid we judge the French by them. The same beautiful shops are here, and I wish we would hurry up and be taken over by the army so that I could draw some pay and get some Christmas presents for you and Spot and Bunch.

C—— B—— is here and trying to get into departmental work in artillery. If he once gets in he thinks he will be able to get into active service in spite of his heart, but I am afraid he will find he is mistaken.

It is nearly time for me to meet P—— and go to the Latin Quarter for lunch, so I'll say good-bye for this time. Much love to Spot, Bunches and all those other dear people.

August 26, 1917.

DEAREST M——:

Yesterday morning about one o'clock I reached camp—after walking from our nearest railroad station—about three miles—and found ten letters for me from you; L. S. and S. There was nothing to it but to "swipe" a candle and spend the next hour reading them. Then I had to get up at 4:30 so as to find out where my trunk and blankets were before the whole section left in convois, so that I could pack up and get ready to leave for Meaux.

Then last night I took the train for the camp, and here I am in the lap of luxury, as it were, the second round of this ladder of promotion, right ahead of six weeks' training. I say "lap of luxury" because that is what it is. Seated on my small camp stool I can look down the row of cots in the barrack, each cot with *sheets* as well as blankets. Real sheets, Mud, and to celebrate I have also hung up my one and only pair of pajamas, where, like a candle, they can light up the whole room. The one meal I have had here was very good, and we have our shoes shined every morning by a valet. This army life is certainly hard for would-be officers! But—ah, here's the fly in the ointment—we rise at five o'clock. That sounds like real work, doesn't it, and I hope it means real work, for that is, of course, what we came here for.

What I'll be when I get out of here, I don't know; there are many rumors, but it will probably end by those who prove that they can be officers, getting the commissions. As Mr. M—— once said, "just because a cat has kittens in the oven, that doesn't mean they're biscuits." Some rumors have it that when we are taken over (that also is as definite as "somewhere

in France") only those who have gone through Meaux will get commissions; others say that those completing this course will be detailed to train truck sections in the U. S. Army. The camp at Allentown, Pa., contradicts the latter, however. One thing I am sure of when I get out, I am to be a Chef (acting second lieutenant, not a cook). They tell a story on C. B., who is Sous-Chef in an ambulance section. While in Paris he tried to get into the U. S. artillery, and when he first inquired about it, coolly informed the U. S. officer that "he wanted a commission in the army." "Who are you, anyway?" said the officer. "Oh, I am Sous-Chef of Sanitary Section No. 64," said C. "Oh, yes, that's the cook's assistant, isn't it?" asked the major. Exit Charlie!

After this training is ended, we get a week's leave, and I am wondering if I can work it to save that leave, and also, a leave that I would get at the end of my six months, and re-enlist, on the condition that I can get a week at home. If not, I'll re-enlist anyway; making that condition will have to be just a bluff on my part, but to get a week home at Christmas sounds great to me. It's pretty doubtful whether I can do it, so don't by any chance count on it. Just pray over it; that will help. Then, too, if I see that it might get me "in wrong," I may not even try it. We'll have to wait and see how things look then.

August 31, 1917.

DEAREST M——:

Your letter of the 7th, which came yesterday, was most welcome. I have finally found a little time to write. Whew! I wouldn't hustle like this in college for love or money. We have an hour and a half study from six to seven-thirty. Then a two-hour lecture on automobile engineering from seven-thirty to nine-thirty. At nine-forty-five we drill for an hour and then eat at eleven. Study again from eleven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Army organization from then until one-thirty, and next shop-work or free hand drawing of mechanical parts from one-forty-five until three-thirty. Then study another hour and a half, a lecture on topography from five to six and study from six until half-past. At it again after supper, study-

ing from about seven-fifteen until nine-fifteen or forty-five. Lights out at ten in preparation for reveille at five-fifteen the next morning. We have no recitations, so all the study consists in rewriting the notes we took in class and reviewing them. It is like four weeks of cramming for an exam. At the end we have a week of exams, both oral and written.

Then the discouraging thought running through my mind is that it may not get me a thing, for the army has started to take over the Field Service and they are giving a physical exam to everyone. They wouldn't be around to us for about a month (they have to cover the whole front and examine and swear in each section), but I'll probably be kicked out because of eyesight. So if you and Dad get a cable asking for advice please be prepared to give it. As far as I can see there are two courses left open to me—either try and get a job in the office work of the quartermaster's corps in Paris or else go home and get to work on the assumption that I have done what I could and have performed "my bit." I have my doubts about the latter, because I don't think "bits" are ever finished until the war is ended, but I may be wrong. Please think it over.

Anyway, this is valuable training I am getting for absolutely nothing, and that is a great deal. I find it very interesting, and very much worth while.

DEAR OLD SPOT :

It is now just six A. M. and we are all in our study hall—part of one of the barracks partitioned off—just getting under way on the day's work; you see we start early. It's so blame cold I can hardly write until my fingers get limbered up and the fellows around me are cussing away because they can't draw anything but shaky diagrams.

Every morning when we get up it is either pitch dark or else a bright moon out as it was this morning with just a faint light in the east to promise warmer weather some time later.

We only had one lecture to write up yesterday, the rest of the day being spent in road work, so I finished my notes last night and having an hour and a half to study the first thing this morning decided to use a half-hour of that to letters and an hour in review.

In our convois yesterday we went across the Marne battle-field, and afterwards I had a little of what we had seen explained to me. I think it was the Seventh Army that was mobilized from Paris in taxis and attacked Von Kluck's army (the German right wing) near Meaux on the right bank of the Marne. Our French drill sergeant was in it and told us that the fighting was the old-fashioned kind—advance a little, dig yourself in and fire a few volleys; then up again and after them in a bayonet charge. The Germans didn't have time to bring up any artillery and the French had no ammunition for their guns, so it was decided by the infantry. We passed a triangular plot of ground marked by a large wooden cross and outlined by small flags where we were told that some thousands of French had been buried simply *en masse* with nothing to separate one from another. There are many graves spread over the gently rolling hills (now covered with cut grain), all the graves forming several distinct lines and roughly showing the courses of the trenches in front of which the men were buried at night.

Our French lieutenant tells us that if we are kept out of the U. S. Army by physical defects we will be allowed to get commissions as second lieutenants in the French army. I am very doubtful about that, as I don't feel that we understand the French well enough to command them.

September 12, 1917.

DEAR OLD SPOT:

By working hard last week and over Sunday, I finally finished reviewing the first two weeks of notes, so now I can use part of this first study hour in the morning to try and get caught up on my letters.

Yesterday the dates and times for the exams were published and we learned that we only had ten days more of lectures, the last four days being given over to review. I am not worrying much about the final tests, because I have been reviewing each day's work on the day following, and each week's work, over the week-end; not that I feel so much review is necessary to pass the exam, but I want to play safe, and I also want to

really know this stuff, and not just cram it down the way we have to in college before exams, and then forget a great part of it a month afterwards. This course is a corker, especially the particular part on automobile construction, and if I ever intended to go into that business, it ought to be of practical value. It begins with all the materials used in a car and their qualities, and goes right on through the whole machine, giving the principle of each part, its constructions, and then several different designs of the same part—their advantages and disadvantages. We have nearly covered all the parts of a motor now, and to-day we have the theory of the mechanical efficiency of a motor—the amount or per cent. of power lost between the combustion chamber and the crankshaft. Except for the amount of sketching and writing that has to be done, the course isn't hard for me, since my two years of physics helps me in understanding the principles of the different parts; for those who have not had physics, some of this stuff is as "clear as mud."

Our "Prof." is a second lieutenant named O——, who before the war was the chief engineer of some big automobile company, the B——, I think, and what he doesn't know about automobiles isn't worth knowing. He is a pretty good sort himself, and seems very interested in this work.

As the end of this training draws near—(exams begin on September 26th and end October 3d)—I find myself beginning to worry a little about what I shall do if I get my commission, and am put in charge of a section. Here we are given the theory of how to take care of the equipment of a truck section, how to run a convois, etc., but we still are like children in the art of military discipline, and how to apply it tactfully and firmly. There are training is sadly lacking, and sometimes if I feel low, my self-confidence kind of oozes out, and I worry about it a lot. I feel like a regular kid, and wish that your good common sense and quicker "thinker" were behind me to point out the way. Yet, I am determined to make good if I get the chance at a section, and the best thing to do is to pray over it, and the worst thing, I guess, is to worry.

I find the practice of getting up fifteen minutes before first call, that is, at 5:00 A. M., though it is hard to do, is well

worth while. I take a short run, and then some setting up exercises, getting back in time for a cold sponge bath before roll call. As a result, I feel fine, and ready for a day's work.

Your letters are always mighty welcome, with the love and good advice they contain. How I wish we could have had that trip together, but maybe we can yet! This seems a queer thing to say, but somehow now I feel as though I weren't a fledgling any longer—as though I have changed somehow and grown older. That is not meant to sound conceited; as I said at times my feelings are just the opposite.

September 19, 1917.

DEAREST M——:

The crowd of us are all getting so fagged out that when a hot day comes along like yesterday we just pass out cold, and drag around as though we couldn't go another step. Bets are being offered in the middle of the week whether or not we can last till Saturday night. From lecture to drawing and back again with an hour or so study thrown in here and there, until your brains are dead and it's immaterial whether the steering gear is front or rear, and if we saw a car running around without an engine we would accept it as a matter of course. I feel as though every time I open my mouth some part of the motor would certainly fall out.

As far as I can tell I have been getting along all right. Monday, as I told you, I was officer of the day and had both drill and convois. I dreaded it, but everything went off smoothly and I only made one mistake in the drill. The convois in the afternoon seemed to be all right and the lieutenant made no criticism of the way I ran it. As acting chief of section I had a little staff car of my own and chased around from front to rear of the train seeing that things were going all right. Going back once to find out about a car that had broken down, I let the others get pretty far ahead of me and my French driver broke all speed laws and nearly killed a few chickens going through the two little towns that separated us from the convois. It's the second ride I have had in a touring car since I've been over here and I enjoyed it a lot.

Then yesterday they began giving us questions preliminary to the exams next week (Friday) and I was told to draw a cross-section of a Bosch magneto. It happened to be one of the things I knew pretty well, so I didn't have any trouble with it, and the lieutenant seemed satisfied.

Next Saturday we are going to give a dinner to the four officers who have had us in charge, besides Dr. Andrew, head of the Service, his assistant and an American army officer. It's going to be a very wet evening, but I hope the dinner is good anyway. We are having it then instead of after exams, because one of the lieutenants leaves Monday and we want him there; he is the one who gives the course on automobile construction.

September 28, 1917.

DEAREST M——:

I have at last time to write a letter home, something that I haven't had since last Sunday. The first four days of this week were spent grinding for exams and to-day we had two of our three written questions. To-morrow we have the third. Sunday we have nothing, but Monday we are examined orally.

This morning the question was to give the theory of transmissions and describe a progressive transmission; then we were asked for a free-hand drawing of a progressive gear box and gears. This afternoon we had a problem: Given the horsepower and weight of a truck, find approximately the minimum value of its first speed in kilometres per hour; this required several assumptions such as the mechanical efficiency of transmission, the maximum grade a truck would have to go up, etc., so that the problem was given to test each man's judgment and not just his ability to memorize. I think I did fairly well on both of them. It is a great relief to get over some of these exams anyway, for the work has gotten to be a good deal of a grind because of its concentration and volume.

I suppose you are all getting a little impatient with me because I haven't said what I intend to do, but I hope you'll be patient with me, since I am also getting impatient over so much uncertainty and know about as much as all of you do just what the outcome will be. I would much rather wait and tell

you what the situation is after everything is definitely settled in regard to what they will do with us here, rather than give you all the rumors that I hear which only make us expectant and then disappear in thin air.

This course of training will be over about October 4th or 5th, when we all expect to get about a week's permission in Paris. If we get that I still am thinking of a trip on a bicycle or walking, and if we can work it I expect to have W—— go with me. He is a Harvard graduate, is about 28 years old and until he came over here had been teaching at P—— and knew K—— E—— slightly. This is certainly an assortment of all ages and all kinds of men—anything from Freshmen at Princeton and Yale to Oxford graduates and men who have been in business for ten years. Several are married. The men I enjoy most are W—— and M——; the latter is the Oxford graduate and is the son of a minister who comes up to T—— every year and preaches a sermon or two. Both of them have good heads and while I can't compete, I can at least make an attentive audience and, as Spot says, much can be learned that way. T—— M—— accomplished the wonderful feat of explaining the Ford transmission, only previously done, I verily believe, by H—— himself.

October 2, 1917.

DEAREST M——:

Just after I finished my letter to Dad giving three good reasons why I shouldn't be rejected for eyesight, a U. S. recruiting officer and a couple of examining doctors showed up unexpectedly and I found I had not counted on one very important fact—that there are some four million men of military age and physically fit in the U. S., so the Government can pick and choose, and even a couple of months' experience combined with five weeks' training in this branch of the service won't turn the balance if your eyesight is below par. It was a disappointment, of course, since I incidentally found out that I was graded among the first five or six from this bunch of Yankees, and since there are no first lieutenants in the Quartermaster Corps those first few may have a chance at captains' commissions. There were nine of us rejected and the U. S.

officer is trying to arrange it so that we can enlist as privates and be given work as pen-pushers in the army headquarters here in France. Though I would much prefer active service, still I guess the main thing is service and not a commission; that must be a secondary consideration at this time. Maybe it's time that "they also serve who only sit and write." Then, too, it may be good experience for business when this war is over. At any rate, it is better than doing nothing at this time, so there is a lot to be thankful for just in that.

Then if the waiver on my eyesight doesn't go through I still have a chance at a commission in the French army. Not until that channel is exhausted will I begin to think about joining You Three for Christmas, as good as that sounds, Mud. I ought to learn what will happen by the end of the week.

I don't understand where everyone gets the idea that the war will end this fall. All letters from the States have something to say in regard to an early ending. We over here aren't as optimistic and can't understand what grounds everyone at home has for thinking so.

Yesterday saw me through all exams and very glad to be so. We are now just waiting around to hear from our recruiting officer and may be here at camp a day longer or a week, we can't tell. I'll be glad when things are finally settled in regard to us.

The mail from the States is badly delayed, my last letter being dated September 1st. We are hoping to draw a bunch of mail to-day, but we had that same "eternal spark" yesterday and four letters came for the thirty-seven of us!

October 7, 1917.

DEAREST B——:

I have just reread several of your letters which were written from the 19th to the 29th of August and arrived about a week ago; they were mighty good letters, Kiddy, and made me laugh as well as bring a lump in my throat several times. Indeed there is nothing I would like more than a picture of you, a small one that I can carry in my pocketbook. I have one al-

ready, but it was taken several years ago and you are changed since then.

The only thing that has happened since I last wrote home was our "graduation" from the training school at Meaux and our arrival here in Paris for a seven-day leave. Our graduation merely consisted in our being brought before Commandant Ballut (commandant is the same as major in our army), who either asked us a few questions about what we had done before the war, criticized our work at camp, or told us how well we had done. All he said to me was: "Your marks were very high and you have made a very good impression. I congratulate you." That was pleasant to learn, but as I haven't yet been able to get into the U. S. Army it hasn't been of much practical value to me.

Wednesday our leave ends and then what we will do I don't know, except that we'll probably be sent out to the front again, unless I am accepted in our army for headquarters work, when I shall be sent wherever those headquarters are.

It is beginning to turn cold with damp, rainy weather and the dream of a good warm fire in the old fireplace at home is one of the things I can think of. But when I remember those fellows out there in the trenches I lose any ideas that I am anywhere but in the lap of luxury in comparison.

October 9, 1917.

DEAREST M——:

Yesterday I celebrated my birthday with two letters from you, two from S——, one from Bunch and one from Mr. N——, enclosing a little testament from the U. S. I also celebrated by making up my mind what I am going to do (D. V.). After thinking it over pretty carefully I decided I would be of more use in active service with the French and using my training given by them in transportation service, than doing office work in the U. S. Army. Then, too, the French need men much more than we do, and the officers at Meaux would not have half promised commissions in the French army to those of us who passed unless they could really use us.

Then I went down to see Mr H—— W—— M——, to whom Mr. P—— had written about me, and told him the situation as briefly as I could and asked his opinion; it coincided with mine (or mine with his would perhaps be better?). It maybe was a little nervy on my part, but I think I got away with it, for he offered to pull a few wires for me through the Red Cross's French representative if I would let him (Mr. M——) know when I was to come up for a commission. You may be sure I'll make use of that if I can.

Then to-day I made out an application to the head of the French Auto Service, applying for service in the Foreign Legion, and hoping to be transferred from them to the regular French Army and possibly get a commission as a sous-lieutenant, which they tell me corresponds to about a second or first lieutenant in our army. You can imagine how much I should like to be among my own people, but I think I shall be of more service in the other place, Mud, and then I'll be serving the U. S. anyway, even if only indirectly. The main thing that will be hard will be learning French; I have qualified about as well as the other French T. M. officers (who were studying for commissions at Meaux) in the other requirements.

There are a good many Field Service men who have been rejected or have gotten their release for one thing or another, some are going home, others are working around Paris. I wish I could have taken advantage of this rejection to run home for a while, but after only a four months' service I didn't feel that I could do so, and besides if I expect to prove anything in this new situation it's up to me to show some initiative. If I don't I'll be left; everybody is tending strictly to their own business (with a few exceptions) and it's make good or get the go-by just at present, with no helping hand to smooth the way. I must close now, Puddles. Please don't be too disappointed over Christmas; you know I would return if I could, but I just feel that I oughtn't to. Much love to everyone.

Anonymous.

TYPEWRITERS AND 4.7's.

Headquarters 330th Field Artillery,
Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich.,
December 17, 1917.

DEAR J——:

You asked me for an account of myself. I am still on this side and consequently have nothing of interest to say. To give you what you asked for I am sending you a copy of a letter from R——, which, although dated October 19th, was received a short time ago.

. . . Did B—— B—— write "Rear Rank, No. 2?" I am reminded of it a hundred times a day. We had a typical rear-ranker here, a Wop that didn't give a damn. He didn't appear for drill one time, and when the Lt. asked what was wrong, he said, "I haven't had enought to eat." He couldn't understand a word of English except, *Rest and Glass o' beer*. We couldn't find any punishment for him. We would say, "John, we have a hole to dig if you don't stand at attention, or we will put you on kitchen police if you don't learn to about face on your left heel instead of your toe. But the son of a gun loved to dig—you couldn't stop him, and as for hanging around the kitchen and having one continual feed all day, that was his idea of Mory's on Saturday night. At last we found the thing that the very mention of made him step. That was a cold bath, aided by the battery with brooms. We have had many cases of fake fits, and one fellow shot himself in the foot to disable himself. Most of the crowd want a two-week holiday twice a month.

It's time I stopped bulling and started a new paragraph. E—— B—— is engaged to a friend of mine. She lives a block from me. It was quick and skillful work on E——'s part. M—— D—C—— is a captain with a mustache. He owns Battery C. H—— N—— of the basketball team is one of my lieutenants. I myself am a corporal, sometimes ser-

geant-major, sometimes a drill sergeant, at times a hospital clerk, *once* a bugler, but always a corporal. I haven't got seven men under me—just wander around loose by myself doing odd jobs. Some of the men in one battery salute me; I just walked in where I sleep and they yelled, "Attention." I have a horse and a shotgun and a top-serg.'s room to sit around in and sleep in occasionally. In fact, the war has bettered my station in life, as is the case with 40 per cent. of the regiment. This January I am hoping to get another chance at the gold bar.

(Take a five-minute recess before starting on this page. I did.)

You asked in your letter to tell about my latest hell-raising and you would print it in the *Lit.* That's my idea of n. t. d. The only thing of the sort, anyway, that I've done was to grab a lonesome turkey off a fence for Sunday dinner. Seeing that there were guards all around, and I didn't have a pass, and the farmers all have shotguns, it was a wire-repairing adventure on a small plan.

You also asked me to tell you whether any generals were getting tight. If they are, I'm telling. I know one fellow that saw and told. He's no longer with us.

Well, J——, I started out to give you some material for the sheet. I had a lot of two-liners scratched out on a piece of paper, but it was lost. And I'm not feeling very inventive to-night, but rather like a wet foot.

We're going to fire three-inch guns to-morrow!

More another time. I'll try and get together next time.

BILL.

COPY OF LETTER FROM R—— W—— TO WILLIAM CRAPO.

A. E. F.,

October 19, 1917.

DEAR BILL:

I was talking a while ago to a fellow from Detroit; and of course that made me think of you; and of course thinking of you made me remember that I had fallen down badly in an-

swering your letter of some time ago. So I write now to apologize. I offer as my excuse (one should always have some sort of alibi, I suppose) the fact that I have been rather busy playing soldier ever since your letter was forwarded to me in New York. Will you pardon me? Thanks.

Bill, old boy, I've had too darn many new experiences to try to tell you about them in detail; paper is very expensive in France; all I can do is to mention a very wonderful stay in New York, a pleasant trip on the Atlantic with much seasickness, a submarine incident that we're not allowed to talk about, but which was not unhealthy for us, a slick time in the British Isles, a h—— of a time crossing the Channel in a mule boat, a good trip through France, and a temporary home in a wonderful little town about ten million years old, inhabited by the most hospitable people in the world, and the slickest bunch of French officers alive. There are just about fifty of us at school here (for five weeks—then the front) and we're the first Americans the town has seen, so they are just as cordial to us as they can possibly be. Great feeling between the French and Americans. Our quarters are good, and we eat at the French officers' mess, which is in a cellar of an old cathedral—one of the largest in France—built about 1100.

Any idea whom I ran across in Southampton? No? Nobody in the world but the pride of the Eta, B—— D——. Was I surprised? Well, rawther. For young D—— is now adjutant of a m.g. battalion, and will probably receive his captaincy soon. He certainly is in his glory, all right.

Bill, your roommate has become a full-fledged member of the suicide club. It's a slick society—very exclusive: nobody can belong but buglers and darn fools. Yep, I'm a "crapouillateur," which means I work a "crapouillaud," which is a trench-mortar, which can't be beat. We are half the club—the other half being the machine gunners. And all the crapouillateurs are machine gunners, and *vice versa*. In fact, I have been working all day on an m.g. You see we are interchangeable like Ford parts, because these days we and the m.g.'s are all there is in the first line trenches; they've given up keeping the front full of infantry.

Being a young man of good habits, I work all day and turn in early at night—sometimes. But it's pretty late now, so I won't try to write any more. Just one other thing: I've been to Paris. There's a wealth of meaning in that sentence.

Write me if you possibly can, Bill, and tell me all the news. A letter with news is a big luxury here.

R. W.

DEAR J——:

Yesterday we fired the three-inch piece, both direct and indirect laying, with the BC at the guns. At No. 4's job I got along very well until the gunner stuck his foot out and tripped me up. The shrapnel hit the side of the breech near the sear and trigger spring with the velocity of some 1500 feet per second, but failed to go off. If it had, I am afraid that I should have lost all chance for promotion.

Tell your gunners and No. 1's if they ride the trail the first shot (which is the only way to do—officers say “fire with the lanyard” to free themselves from responsibility) to raise their back leg or they will have it shortened 3 inches—6 inches for a 6-inch gun.

We sent one projectile sailing right through the target, which was 5 feet x 5 feet at RN 1800 about the tenth round (firing with one platoon). Then everybody ran a mile to pick up the fuse rings and shrapnel cases. I hopped on a horse without a saddle and was the first there, but could find nothing.

Last night there was a rumor that there was going to be a fire drill in the night, so everyone went to bed with their clothes on, which only means that they didn't take off as many as usual. Nobody ever takes off all their clothes. I am the only one in the regiment that wears pajamas. Soon I shall be known as the boy that wears the pajamas. Well, when I woke up this morning there were many sleeping with their spiked shoes and overcoats on. There was no fire drill—which leads us to the next paragraph.

From my work in the office I have learned that 2 per cent. of the orders originate in Washington, a big 20 per cent. in the Division Office, a small .5 per cent. in the Brigade, a good 15

per cent. in the Reg. Hq., and the remaining 83.5 per cent. in the latrine.

I shall soon be out of the desk chair and going to Officers' School.

Headquarters 330th Field Artillery,
Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich.,
December 24, 1917.

From: Cpl. Wm. W. Crapo,

To: T—— and C——, through military channels.

Subject: Strictly military.

1. One man was picked up when he came back to camp yesterday with two bottles of whiskey and some carbolic acid. It looks like he was going to treat some of his enemies!

2. I have just left a bunch who are trying to figure out what becomes of confiscated whiskey. Some think the sentinel puts it in the house until some time when he gets thirsty; others think that he turns it over to the officer of the guard to drink. *Quien sabe.*

3. There are lots of lakes and hills around here, which makes it fine riding on Saturdays and Sundays.

4. We are making a map of the artillery range to the scale used in France. From this they have made several contour and relief maps of sand and plaster paris. We are going to study this and use it in firing. Then the same kind of maps are going to be made of a sector near Verdun, which we are also going to study and become familiar with. Some think that we shall be assigned to that sector later. *Quien sabe.*

5. Lately I have been taking my command, nine Hq. clerks and stationary non-coms. out for ten minutes' *snappy* physical exercise per Memo. No. 347, Hq. 300th F. A., Dec. 19, 1917.

DEAR J——:

One of the Coots in our battery got off something that made me think of the *Record* the other day. "You say there are 170 horses in a light artillery battery? And one saddler? Does he put on all the saddles?"

Which is almost as bad as the three famous ones at Fort Sheridan:

1. Instructor: This is where you put your salt and pepper, in the condiment can.
Student: What if you don't like pepper?
2. Inst.: If a man is mounted, order him to halt and dismount.
Stud.: What if he comes up in an auto?
Inst.: Halt. Dismount. Just the same.
Stud.: What if he comes up on roller skates?
3. Inst.: This part of the pack is where you put your extra undershirt, and on this side is where your extra drawers go.
Stud.: What if you wear combinations?
And they make 'em officers.

DEAR J——:

Lately my stationery has been remaining stationary in its box.

I went out and took a better look at the effect of the artillery fire. The shrapnel took down some trees that were eight inches thick. The graze bursts left holes a yard in diameter in the marsh.

Last night T—— G—— and I went to town and bought some dishes at the ten-cent store for Christmas. (Things can't look good on a tin meat pan.) A little girl was waiting on us, who was plainly an Xmas extra; every time the piano started up with the latest for ten cents, she would do a hula-hula and crack more dishes. When we finished here we stepped out the back door, which led into a dark alley, and was opposite a theatre exit. The people were just coming out, so we stepped in and got the best seats for the second show. I found that the name of the hall was the *Bijou*, which made me feel at home. It was very like its sister in New Haven. The show ended in riotous jazz band, which threw the nigger preacher into a trance, and although he was plainly suffering from rheumatism, he gave us a clog.

W. W. Crapo.

ST. MIHIEL, December 17, 1917.

Comes now the quiet twilight of the day,
When like the first pale glimmer of the flame
The slender spire drops off its sheath of grey,
 Its dull decay.

It melts into the splendor of the clouds,
Poising so lightly in its mistiness,
Gazing benignly on the red-roofed crowds
 In their drab shrouds.

William Douglas,

Yale Mobile Unit.

IN THE THEATRE.

They came and sat before me; they were parted
By an old grey-haired relative who started
Wisely bobbing his foolish head at her,
Bending in doddering gallantry when a stir
Of old and proud flirtations crossed his mind
From over-painted days, leaving behind
A simpering thought that he was young—in part,
Handsome—to captivate a young girl's heart;
He babbled on (though any fool might know
They longed to sit together, feel the flow
Of passion in a light chance touch of fingers,
Low words, a smile, a stolen look that lingers
Longingly) and wheezed of old-day fancies,
Filling her ear with dull irrelevancies,
Until the curtain rose, and the play unrolled
A gaudy pageant, brilliantly enscribed,
A common picture in a cheap gilt frame,
To hold his notice, while like rippling flame
The waves of sudden laughter rolled along
From tier to tier, among the merry throng,
That mimicked, jabbered noisily, and passed
The jokes along and back until a vast
Tumultuous seething of small noises rollicked
In gay and and wanton caperings and frolicked
Against the dingy vaulting of the room. . . .

And suddenly it seemed the amber gloom
Was still and waiting, and I thought the face
Of each young lover stood apart in space!
The people and the old man fell away
To silence, vanishing: There was the sway
Of some huge presence, some illimitable thing
That brushed my heart as with a sweeping wing
Of great white feathers, and I felt a breath,
Strange as might be the unknown lips of death,

And a new silence, as of curtains drawn,
Far deeper than the solitude of dawn
Or star-wreathed twilight, and a surging hope
Of things that move beyond the young soul's scope
In silent mystery like the birth of day.—
As if the sun and moon were in decay,
Music and laughter and the voice that sings,
Time and the tides, and the vague winds' wanderings,
Night and the spaces—and this was but the flow
Of their world-spirits through the amber glow
That filled the theatre, flickering on the faces
Of those two lovers, wrapt on the distant places
Where dreams are born.

And all at once I knew that I had seen
The wonder of God-love, and it had been
Careless of Time and Space, a shouting crowd,
An old and babbling man, and as a cloud,
Formless and wonderful, known and unknown,
Drifting with sleep on fierce tempests blown,
Changing and changeless, solitary ever,
It floated, moving as a long slow river,
Onward.

The people emptied out the seats,
And as I wandered through the darkened streets,
I knew the fearful wonder of this thing,
And called my heart to silent worshipping.

John W. Andrews.

THE COMMON DENOMINATOR.

HIS first thought, as he carefully felt his way along the two slippery logs forming the path, was that his canoe, number 18, was abominably bow heavy. He had tried putting rocks in the stern, but even then it was all he could do to keep the bow from slumping down in the mud, causing a sudden stop with disastrous results. Suddenly he miscalculated his footing, stumbled, and lurched heavily to the right. He swayed back and forth, using all his skill to keep himself on that wet, slippery log, and finally regained his balance. Proceeding with still more caution along the treacherous path, he glanced apprehensively at the shiny, oozing "muskig" which threatened to engulf the small sticks, logs by courtesy, laid down by the fire-rangers as a supposedly safe highway for wary "voyageurs" in the woods of Ontario.

"Why won't this fool canoe stay put?" he muttered, and edged one foot and then the other along the wood. Ten more yards of this precarious slipping and sliding and he was again on firm soil, albeit a bit soft from recent rains. Once more on the safe trail, he trotted along as best he could, the two packs, supported by a tump over his head, pounding ceaselessly against the small of his back, and the canoe which he was carrying weighing more at every step.

He did not pause to catch his breath till he caught a welcome glimpse of the shining waters of Wolf Lake glistening below him. Giving a sigh of relief, he stopped, beat ineffectually at the cloud of mosquitoes around his head, shifted his load more to the center, and began the abrupt descent to the marshy end of the portage. This reached, he unloaded; hunching his shoulders, he turned the canoe and let it come to rest none too gently in the marsh grass beside him; as for the packs, a simple back jerk of the head rid him of these. He loaded his canoe and waited. In three or four minutes, the five other fellows came across, and together the three canoes pushed out from shore.

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That night, as Gere Williams half sat and half reclined against a moss-covered log after his full supper of macaroni, "spuds," bacon and cocoa, he found his thoughts turning unconsciously toward the morrow. He did not join in the bantering of the men, but stared into the fire, and wondered. To-morrow they would pass through the small town graced by the name of Bon Air. It would be the first mail since they had left the main camp three weeks before, and he was hoping against hope for a certain letter. She had not written since he had come to Canada, and just before he had set out on this trip, he had written to ask the reason. The letter had been somewhat flippant, and as he recalled his phrasing, he smiled a little. Truly, it had not been exactly the kind of message to inspire the wished-for reply. Why had he written such a letter?

Gere essayed a half-hearted attempt at conversation.

"Bob," he said.

"How?" inquired that individual, pausing in the act of lighting his pipe with a brand from the fire.

"I was just wondering, Bob, do you suppose our mail will have reached Bon Air by the time we get there? By the way, are you sure you gave them the right forwarding address?" Gere's face betrayed anxious interest.

"Why, of course I did. Bon Air, Quebec. To be left till called for. It's on the C. P. R., isn't it?"

"Uh-huh," agreed Gere, and lapsed again into moody silence.

By-and-by he stirred uneasily and kicked a small glowing coal back into the blaze. Since the breaking of their short engagement, she had not been particularly cordial to him.

He recalled the scene vividly. She had given him back his ring, and had said quietly, "I'm sorry, Gere, awfully sorry, but you're just not the kind of a man I can marry. When you get some go, some gumption in your makeup, then ask me!" He squirmed mentally as he remembered her words. But he had had to take it.

He rose, stretched his joints, stiff from paddling, till they cracked, yawned and glanced at his wrist-watch.—Nearly ten. If they were to get that early start to-morrow.—Idly he re-

garded his circle of companions, comfortably ensconced in various attitudes of ease around the fire, smoking, laughing, and discussing various phases of the day's journey. Good men, these friends of his, men to tie to, was his thought. Far out on the lake, softly iridescent under the new moon, a solitary loon sent his shrill, sad note across the water. Gere turned on his heel and went stiffly to his tent.

Crawling into his warm Hudson's Bay blankets, he curled up like a dog and was soon asleep. One by one the others followed his example and all was silence, broken only by the occasional snapping of the dying fire.

The next morning was clear and cold, growing warmer as the day advanced. The sun shone brightly on the slightly rippled surface of the lake, and a few fleecy Maxfield Parrish clouds sailed lazily across the blue.

Rounding a pine-covered and rocky point about ten, they came upon the town of Bon Air, set snugly in a little cove, and balancing itself, as it were, on the steep slope of one of the rough hills rising to its wooded height in the distance. Imagine six or seven scattered houses, a few natives, a stray dog or two, and the railroad tracks rounding the hill through a deep cut and you have a fair idea of the small settlement.

Pulling their canoes up on the rocks bordering the lake, they strode up to the station, about a hundred yards from the shore. It was here that the mail, carried together with a few-day-old newspapers by a fast train of the C. P. R., was received, and eagerly the men sought the old station agent.

There were letters for all, and a few papers. Three envelopes were dealt out for Williams. One of these was from his mother, and another was from his place of business, telling that all was progressing satisfactorily, and that his firm had granted his request for an extension of vacation, due to the incredible slackness of business. But the envelope which made his eyes sparkle and his fingers singularly clumsy was a delicate blue missive, addressed in the small, concise hand he knew so well. Covering his excitement with a well-assumed non-chalance, he strolled outside through the battered screen door, and sat down in the shade against the rough side of the build-

ing. The note was short and not too definite, but somehow he was unreasonably elated. It read:

"I know this letter is terrible, Gere, but I simply can't help it. I am so busy. Are you going to be around Metagamasing in a week or so? Father and I are coming up there to fish around the lakes, and start a week from to-morrow. He has heard your description of the wonderful sport in that part of the country, and as you know, his hobby is angling. I told him he needed a vacation, and it is all arranged. We get to Metagamasing station some time Tuesday, and will hope to find you there.

"I have so many things to attend to that I simply must stop. Please give Bob and Tom my best, and tell Bob I want to see him when he gets back here.

"Sincerely,

"BETTY."

He rose, stepped into the station and wired that he would meet them, and hoped that they would stay at his camp. This done, he rejoined his companions.

So it happened, exactly one week later, Gere was wishing his friends good-bye from the rickety platform of the small station back at Metagamasing. Their outing was over, and they were returning now to the comparatively humdrum monotony of their business. As for Gere, he had still two weeks left, and was awaiting the arrival of the Longwoods with every expectation of completing his vacation in a most enjoyable manner.

"Bye-bye, Gere, old man," "Take care of yourself," "See you in New York, Gere," and other similar farewells came to him from the vestibule of the now rapidly moving train. He watched it disappear behind the rocky hill, and contemplatively lit his pipe.

He could just picture the new arrivals as they would step off the train in a few hours; the father a bluff, jovial, kindly man of about fifty, with a breadth of shoulders which bespoke a keen liking for men's things and men's pastimes. He ran his business, and ran it well, but was nevertheless keenly alive to all domestic affairs. His wife had been dead

for some years, and he had taken care of his daughter since that time with the utmost devotion.

After her father would come Betty, leaping lightly from the bottom step of the Pullman, disdaining the aid of her ever attentive father. He mused for a time on her appearance. She would probably wear that brown tailor-made suit in which he had seen her in the Grand Central as he was going away. What a picture her face had made, framed by the soft mass of brown hair rippling across her forehead and covering each tiny ear, the whole set off by a smart little hat becomingly perched on her well-poised head! So he thought, wandering from the Post store to the station, and back to the store again, even at times essaying short conversations on the weather with the taciturn idlers.

As he lounged about the platform, he made an attractive figure, seeming to merge into the very atmosphere of the place. On his feet were the much-used shoe-packs so common in Canada; his khaki pants were tucked into heavy woollen socks; the open collar of his thick flannel shirt exposed the strong, weather-beaten throat and neck; and on his straight black hair an ancient and battered felt hat rested at a jaunty angle, as though it had absorbed from its owner some of that poise and self-assuredness apparent to the most casual observer.

At twelve o'clock he strolled over to the small boarding house fronting on the board walk from the station to the Post and got lunch. Simple it was, beans, bacon, canned vegetables and strong coffee, but filling. Stepping outside, he settled into one of the broken chairs on the porch and lighted his pipe. The train would probably be an hour or so late; it generally was; there was no use worrying.

About three he entered the station and asked the agent for a report.

"Only two hours late," responded that individual optimistically. "Why, I mind the time four years back," he began, "the train—"

But Gere, with a half gasp of dismay, was already on his way to the landing. He slipped his canoe in the water and sped out on the lake.

Two hours later he was again waiting on the platform, and was rewarded in a few moments by the shrill, long blast of a whistle, coming from beyond the hill. The long train of Pullmans tore around the curve, and rolled with ever reducing speed up to the station, coming finally to a stop with a grinding of brakes and a hissing of steam.

Eagerly he scanned the vestibules along the train. The father came first, and even as Gere was shaking hands, he was glancing over the older man's shoulder.

"Late as usual," complained Mr. Longwood, as he cordially returned the other's hearty grip. "Well, my boy, how are you? You're looking fit as a fiddle. I'll bet you've gained ten pounds!"

"Hardly," replied Gere, laughing. "How goes the healthy appetite? All ready for a little bass? My guide got some beauties this morning, and I told him to have them ready for to-night."

"That sure will taste good," agreed Mr. Longwood. "Well, here's Betty; lead ahead, my boy."

And there, indeed, was Betty. She was dressed exactly as Gere had planned, and his heart rose as he looked at her. And yet—he could not define the vague thought which rose to his mind's surface. Somehow, in some strange way, she did not seem to chime in with this rough background of open air and woods. He dismissed the thought hurriedly with a mental laugh. Jove, she *was* splendid. He was glad to see her, and told her so in a very direct way. If she was equally glad to see him she did not say so.

"Hello, Betty," he exclaimed, "how's every little thing with you? I certainly am glad to see you!" Eagerly he grasped her small hand in his large one. Somewhat hesitantly, he thought, she gave him her hand. It was as though she were afraid the contact might soil the dainty white glove.

"How are you, Gere?" she said warmly. "Have you been having a wonderful time? Isn't it just wonderful up here?" And she breathed deeply of the clear, scented air. "Well, where do we go from here?" she laughed.

Chattering and laughing the three walked down to the dock, where George Brown, the guide, was awaiting them with two

eighteen-foot canoes. Their bags carefully stowed under the thwarts, they glided out on the lake and headed for Gull Island, on which Williams had his small but comfortable cabin.

The father, paddling bow in Brown's canoe, was soon absorbed in an earnest conversation with that skilled fisherman. As for Betty, she talked of everything in general and nothing in particular, avoiding carefully the slightest reference to themselves.

As Gere shoved the canoe through the water, that same idea recurred in his mind that somehow Betty did not fit.

"Betty," he began, and stopped.

"What is it, Gere?" she questioned.

"Oh, nothing, I was just wondering about—Betty, do you think you'll like it up here? Really?"

"I know I shall," replied the girl with an air of finality, as though closing the subject. "Tell me, Gere, did Bob leave any message for me when he left?" And so the subject was dropped.

It came to him that in these two or three weeks he had been in the woods, he seemed to have gotten that intangibly different viewpoint of one who lives by his own efforts. But give her time, he thought; this was her first trip up here, and if she was the girl he thought her, she would surely enjoy herself.

Camp reached and the supper of promised bass eaten with much relish, the two men sat outside by the fire and discussed plans for the coming outing.

The older man lit his pipe and puffed contemplatively. "How are these trout streams you were telling me about, Gere? Still running well? They sounded good to me."

"Why, yes, I think so, Mr. Longwood," answered Gere. "I was going to suggest that trip myself. There's some mighty fine fly fishing up in those parts, and we might hook a laker or two on the way. It will take maybe two days to get there. How long can you stay, sir?"

"I figured on about a week and a half or two weeks here. Suppose we start to-morrow and get all the fun we can. I'm anxious to have a try at this new rod I just brought up from the city. It looks like a beauty."

And so the evening passed, all differences of age overcome on the common ground of sportsmanship. Fish, rods, guns, and what-not were discussed. Betty finished unpacking her outfit, simple indeed for a girl, in an hour or so, and came out to sit with her father and Gere. She talked sometimes, but more often she formed the entirely satisfactory and neutral audience for the chief speakers.

Presently Longwood arose, excused himself and moved toward the cabin. He had not yet unpacked his beloved equipment, had not even seen it since it was packed down in the States.

"Sit down, father," protested Betty. "It isn't at all late yet, and you will have all the time in the world to-morrow. It is so wonderfully beautiful out here."

"Sorry, Betsy," replied her father, "but I can't stand the strain. I must see that new rod again," and, laughing like a boy, he passed into the cabin.

Gere looked at the girl. She was beautiful as ever, and had never seemed more desirable to the boy. But, as she talked, and as she looked from him to her father, she seemed to once more typify—what was it? All he could think of was a whirling mass of gaily dressed dancers on a shining floor, and he let it go at that. Well, supposing she did, parties were all right. He enjoyed them, didn't he? He gazed out over the lake and called himself names. What in the name of goodness could be the matter?

At any rate, she was here, by his side, and that was enough. He loved her, he was positive of it.

The fire died down, and they said good-night. Betty occupied the tiny "guest room," while Mr. Longwood bunked with his host in the rough room filled with double-decked cots, canvas stretched on wooden frames, but comfortable and warm. Good-nights were said again, and the silence of the woods descended upon the cabin.

One week later, at the end of the Golden Stairs, Brown was cleaning a beautiful mess of brook trout, just whipped from the stream; farther up the rock, Mr. Longwood and Gere were engaged in setting up the tents on the shelving ledge. Betty sat gazing into the fire. It was sundown and the golden

rays, filtering among the tall pines and underbrush, checkered the foaming water above the falls which gave the portage its name. It was a pretty spot. The white tents reflecting the glow the cooking fire, were beautifully set off on the background of sturdy young pines. The green of their branches was already deepening into black, and the dancing flames produced weird shadows, flitting to and fro among the lower branches.

Supper ready, they left their various tasks and fell to with a will. The crisply browned trout, fresh from frying pan to tin plate, disappeared as if by magic, and the delicious pan of corn bread, baked by George in the reflector, was soon reduced to a few scattered crumbs. Dishes and pots were "wallowed," and stored away in the grub-box; pipes were lighted.

The conversation lagged. They would soon be leaving this land of fish and game, and they were more than sorry. During the one short week of packing and paddling, Gere's thoughts had dwelt more and more on this clear-skinned canoe mate of his. He could form no definite opinion in regard to his feelings toward her now. At first he had been positive that he loved her, but of late he had come to be more and more doubtful, till now his mind was torn by conflicting emotions.

He thought of a boy she and he had known back in the city, Jack Bentley.

"Do you remember Jack Bentley, Betty? I understand that he was married this summer. He was a good boy, don't you think so?"

"Yes indeed, I remember him. He was *such* a good dancer, wasn't he?"

What a colorless statement, thought Gere. Was that all she thought of? He gazed at her intently. To his mind she seemed again to give the impression of the city, of society. His mind wandered to Sherry's, back home. He could see it all, the gay dining-room, filled with chattering lunchers, not a serious thought among them—always the eternal search for pleasure, novelty. The obsequious waiters, the well-dressed women, the room richly furnished from exquisitely appointed tables to ever elaborate walls and ceiling, all flashed through

his brain. His first thought of a week ago, that she did not fit, came back to him.

As for Betty, their friendship had taken on a new meaning for her. Often she asked herself if this laughing, resourceful, and self-reliant man on the trail, ever ready with a helping hand, could be the same seemingly phlegmatic and rather dependent man she had seen back in New York ballrooms. Little by little her respect and admiration for him had increased, till now it needed but a single crucial event to crystallize her liking into a feeling closely akin to love.

Next morning they continued their way down the streams, paddling little and portaging much. It was at the head of Moose Portage, a bad carry around some steep and jagged falls, that the accident happened. Gere had landed and stepped up the bank to have a look at the beginning of the portage. Betty was climbing back from the bow to get out. When near the shore, the canoe, as canoes will when one end is pulled up, rocked slightly. Wildly the girl clutched at the nearest support. The grub sack, containing practically all the food, happened to be nearest. How it came to be so near the edge no one knows, but in a moment it was all over; Betty remained safely crouching in the stern, but the food was forty feet below the boiling top of the stream. And they were a good seventy-five miles from the nearest settlement!

* * * * *

Three days later they staggered, rather than walked, into camp. There were but three of them. George, in the pinch, had shown himself for what he was. The day after the mishap, he had slipped off from the end of a carry with one of the canoes, taking with him the grub box containing two loaves of bread, the only food left them.

On Gere had fallen the brunt of the burden, for Mr. Longwood, though he tried hard, could do no more than carry half his load, paddling as well as he could. By the end of the second day, his age had told and he was barely able to make the motions of paddling. Betty—well, Gere did not care to think about Betty's conduct, when it was all over. It was hard for him. Mile after mile he paddled and packed the canoe, till he felt that he would drop from exhaustion and

weariness. He made three trips over each portage, and on the third day he had to half carry and half drag Betty across a three-quarter-mile lift.

But now they were actually at their goal. After three days of forced travelling, they were at Metagamasing. Food was obtained at the Hudson Bay Post, and they ate as never before. They tumbled into one of the launches moored down at the dock and puffed over to Gere's camp, where they went to bed and slept the clock around.

Sitting with Betty at the fire on the shores of the lake, Gere experienced strange doubts. Many times, on that trip on the Trout Streams, words of love and proposals had risen to his lips, only to be choked back by an inner prompting, a voice which seemed to say, "Step carefully."

Betty's mind, undecided for so long a time, was now made up. She loved Williams, was experiencing the strongest emotions she could remember, the strongest of which she was capable. She had never felt such a longing before. She had come to Canada, with the same friendly, rather impersonal feeling for Gere which she had always held. Their engagement had been merely a social move, and had not stirred her. And now she was awake. She loved. Above all things, she desired his love.

Moodily Gere gazed into the fire. He certainly was in a dilemma, and how to get himself out he could not for the life of him conceive. It was bad enough to have his brain in a tortured whirl of conflicting thoughts for a week, but the Longwoods were going to-morrow, thank fortune!

"I wonder what we'll do with ourselves now," he said absently, as much to himself as to Betty.

He started when she answered him in her musical voice, "Why, I don't know. What do you want to do, Gere?"

"I was just thinking," he replied, "I ought to be back at the office pretty soon now. It seems a shame to leave, but—"

"What a pity," interrupted Betty, and then added eagerly, "There's an awfully good party at the Plaza in three or four days. That would be rather fun, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose so—yes, surely, I mean, that would be great!"

"Do you remember the dance at Sherry's two years ago last Christmas, Gere?" she broke in on his musings again.

"Let me see, two years ago, Sherry's? Why, yes, I believe—" Great Scott, what put that into her head? That was where they had become engaged. He turned to look at her, and found her eyes on his. They told all. He hurried on.

"Yes, surely, I remember. That was where we—" He stopped, confused. He must not go on. Why, he didn't even—

"—became engaged," she finished for him. "That was a memorable dance," she went on lightly.

This was awkward. What in the world could he say? Undecidedly he lit a cigarette, and plunged desperately into a discussion of the prospective party.

"Whose dance is it, and who do you suppose is going?" he asked.

That kept her busy for a time, and during the interim he thought swiftly. He could see no way out. Her next words decided him.

—"and Bob Whittlesey is going to be there, too, I'm sure. I've always liked Bob a lot; in fact, as well as any boy I know." She gave a light laugh and turned away, small wrinkles of perplexity playing on her forehead. He had not even taken advantage of his opportunity! A wave of pique swept her and left her as though doused with cold water. She was perfectly calm and collected now, and his failure to meet her halfway annoyed her exceedingly. Well, she certainly wouldn't make the same mistake twice. She laughed slightly again and turned to Gere.

"And he dances so divinely," she said.

M. Hoggson.

TWO INSCRIPTIONS FOUND IN THE CITY OF IDOLS.

As transcribed by Uther Capet.

3. ON A TABLET IN THE WINE TAVERN.

Here is a rest, for the wanderer—home
When a goblet flows with the purple foam.
Here is a song and the flashing of feet,
The swaying of figures to rhythmic beat;
Quinces and honey, the Cyprian wine
Causing the kohl-lidded eyes to shine.
Spend your gold here—what is purse-bound treasure
That filleth not dreams or buyeth not pleasure?
Life is a blending of sorrow and joy,
A coin for spending, a love-fashioned toy.
He liveth most who most drinketh down
The wisdom of fools, the wit of a clown.
The words of a sage can be brought to naught
By a piece of gold where the wine is bought.
And laughter the greatest love outshines
For the laughter spreads but a love confines.
Hark ye—here's talk and a sailor's tales
While shadows of masts on wharf and bales
And yellow cobbles from morning till night
Their purples are tracing, and dazzling bright
Through the latticed window are warm-white sails
Where a homing sailor his land-mate hails—
Here where he drinks—as may every guest—
From a bowl whose mould was a virgin's breast.

25. INSCRIBED NEAR THE ACADEMY.

I, the teacher, choosing for my themes
The thoughts of men, their logic or their dreams,
Do not so much rehearse the public thought
As some side issue—where I'm often caught

Splashing about—but in the glittering spray
I swear I see through banks of closest clay.
My art is not so much to understand
As make another think he does. My hand
With airy gesture contradiction waves
Aside—and self-sufficiency often braves
The most aggressive. See, for instance, bless
This man (an arrant knave, I must confess)
His quantity, his style: few can deny
A subtlety, (as many a maniac's
Whose ordinary aberration seldom lacks
Constructiveness,) yet I, without the pale,
Make nothing but at others' cavil, rail
As suits my purse—watch for the coming taste
And so forestall it, judicially placed
Words enigmatic often turn to be
A boast of power, of knowledge, prophesy.
This makes professors, teachers, critics, snobs,
And all who've strangleholds upon their jobs.

"A."

REVELATION.

I.

REVELATION is a process whereby the human soul is freed from clouding layers and stands out clear. Usually the process is gradual, sometimes a flash or series of flashes accomplish what years could not.

Tea at Jeanne's was a very cosy affair. She sat up tall and cool in the wallowing easy-chair and let the firelight play on the silver and china of the tea-set and on her gorgeous red hair. She was a bold but singularly effective picture and she realized it. The afternoon was deadened by the sodden chill of late autumn. The bare trees creaked and rattled in the blasts of rain-laden wind. As she sat waiting, Jeanne realized that the whole effect was artistically perfect. She only hoped that Bill would not be annoying or sentimental or silly.

Bill's entrance found her thus. That gaunt, ugly, whimsical person was stirred to the depths of his doglike soul by the flicker of firelight on her ruddy hair, and on her restful face. He was quite awkward and nearly kicked over the tea-table in the contortion of shaking hands. They both laughed and he sat down, somewhat relieved, on the perilous edge of a filagreed chair.

"Well, I'm leaving to-morrow!" he said.

Jeanne dimpled becomingly.

"Just got word from Toronto. I'm off to Halifax to catch the boat for England."

"Really—oh, Bill!" Jeanne's tone might have been surprise or sorrow.

"Then I'm in an O. T. C.—then the trenches."

Jeanne's eyes sparkled with kindred enthusiasm. "How wonderful! How perfectly magnificent! Will you grow one of those dinky little mustaches?" She stroked the provoking curve of her own proud upper lip with a caressing finger.

"Sure—then after the trenches—it's pushing daisies for me," he laughed uproariously.

She didn't laugh.

"How will you have your tea?" Severity itself.

"As usual. You haven't forgotten me already?"

"Of course not—silly," she giggled.

"Oh, Jeanne, I wish you would get over that habit of giggling—schoolgirl of fourteen stuff!"

She laughed frankly, choked on a biscuit, clapped an anxious hand to her mouth, and glared at Bill. "Pig!" she hissed.

Bill looked at the fire for courage. It was going to be hard to say it.

Jeanne looked inquiringly at him, then stooped to pour his tea.

"Jeanne—?"

"Yep?"

"There's something—I—" he was unable to continue.

"Oh, here's your tea—two and cream—I hadn't really forgotten!" If only she could head him off.

"Oh, come, Jeanne, please don't try evasion!"

She blushed a deep crimson and settled back in the chair with a little quiver of annoyance.

"Well?" Her voice would have frozen a volcano.

"Jeanne, you know perfectly well that I love you. I do love you and would like to marry you. Please don't say 'No'—I—er—"

"Oh, Bill!"—she was really sorry—"I—I—can't say 'Yes.'—Why did you go and spoil everything?"

He arose and stood erect before her.

"I know," he sighed. "It was rotten of me. I'm going, anyway. I just wondered if you cared—I thought. There isn't anyone else, is there?"

"Of course not."

"Then why did you refuse me? I know you do care for me."

She shook her head with extreme vehemence.

"Oh, yes you do! I may be a fool and I don't know the ways of women—thank Heaven! Why did you refuse me?"

"Why, Bill! You see—it's not—I don't know you."

"What?" he almost shouted, and stared incredulous at her animated face.

"Oh, I know we've seen a lot of each other! You know. I don't know the real you. I don't know you at all. You're a mystery to me."

He groaned, then raised his head.

"Will you see me off on the train to-morrow?"

"What a sport he is!" she thought.

"Certainly," she said.

He resumed his seat and lit a cigarette.

"You didn't ask my permission!" she scolded.

"You haven't given me my tea," he countered.

They both laughed. But she couldn't help noticing the way his hand shook as she handed him the cup.

If he had spoken again—"No!" she mused. "No! No! No!" She was peculiarly grateful to him for the way in which he had enabled her to escape from the challenging initiation of his love.

II.

At the turmoil of the station when the whistle of the "2:40 East" was heard he looked quite lonely and abandoned. So she went up to him and cheered his wan assumption of light-heartedness. Just as he was about to step aboard, she hesitated again.

"Well, good luck, Bill!" she murmured, stretching out her slim hand.

"Good-bye, Jeanne." To her horror he ignored her hand and advanced upon her. She fluttered, helpless—

"All aboard!" bellowed the negro porter, grinning.

Bill implanted a hearty kiss upon her cheek and sprang aboard before she could say a word.

The train started to roll away.

"Who said I wasn't a sport?" he shouted.

She tried very hard to be furious—in fact, she really was furious—but failed, and burst into a gasping laugh.

He waved a jeering good-bye to her from the platform.

"I tell you that took nerve!" were the last words she caught.

"Pig!" she screamed after the departing Pullman, rubbing her scarlet face furiously with her rejected hand.

Bill merely grinned. Then she collapsed in helpless laughter on the shoulder of her vaguely startled mother.

III.

A week later Jeanne got a hasty note from Halifax. Her mother found her seated by the dying embers of the fire, unusually quiet.

"Well, what's the matter now?" Mrs. Blake inquired, laughing secretly.

"Nothing—just thinking—"

"Let me see Bill's letter," her mother demanded.

Jeanne gasped with indignation.

"Certainly not!"

"Very well then!" Mrs. Blake half chuckled, half sung to herself, searching the copious stores of her diabolical memory and confronting her daughter with a gaze that suggested horrid plans of teasing.

"I'll read it to you."

Mrs. Blake sat down and gazed at Jeanne's vain struggles to be impersonal. There was no reason why she should not have been. The letter, as she read it, was highly impersonal.

"'Dear Jeanne'"—a pause—

"Go on!"

"Oh, er—"Please pardon the wretched paper and the indistinct scratches, but it is the best I can do at the present. Here we are up in Halifax in barracks waiting for uniforms, beds, and a steamer to take us over. It may be a day and it may be a week, but in the meantime it's well-nigh impossible, lying huddled around a small stove on bug-ridden blankets'—"

"Indelicate!" commented Mrs. Blake.

Jeanne snorted.

"—'listening to the most extraordinary flow of cursing, etc., that I've ever been privileged to hear. But "cheers" it will be over soon when I get started in the O. T. C. in England. At present there are about 2,500 extra troops here and many more coming. They all came to get on a ship, but the ship didn't show up. Consequently everything from food down is short. And to top the climax it's colder than Greenland.

From my letter so far I sound very blue—but such is not the case; it's all in the game and I'm awfully glad to be playing it.

"I was very much surprised to see how many men there were from the States: I should say about 50 or 60 per cent. are Americans. A tough but damn nice bunch. Another thing which impressed me very much happened on the way up. We went through a station and a bunch of troops got aboard, and all the mothers, wives and daughters saying good-bye were laughing and smiling so much I thought the troops were going for a short trip, but I found out that they were bound for France. The cheerful heroism of the women up here is perfectly wonderful.

"'Thank you for your letter'—"

"You don't mean to say you wrote him?"

"Why not?" countered Jeanne indignantly.

"It means an awful lot when you are leaving to think that you aren't forgotten. You know—' Well, the rest isn't much," Jeanne fluttered hastily.

"Isn't there a postscript?" inquired Mrs. Blake, who had not missed a trick.

"Yes—but I don't choose to read it," Jeanne laughed shyly.

"Pooh! I don't think very much of that letter. Complaining about beds and boats and everything."

"Complaining! Why—" Jeanne burst into illuminated laughter, then glanced once more at the postscript.

"He's a dear!" she murmured, and gazed at the scrawl.

The postscript read, "Pig yourself!"

IV.

Bill in the meantime was quite miserable. He felt that he had made a fool of himself in Jeanne's eyes and was savagely glad that he was to leave for France. The tedium of waiting for the mythical boat was embittered by that consciousness of failure and unrelieved by the continual drill.

Then came the sixth of December.

He and the rest of the candidates for commissions were drilling in the huge armory. From his position in the rear rank he had a difficult time catching the unintelligible English

orders and the strangely unenergetic, but frightfully wearying calisthenics. It was just nine o'clock, for he had cast a surreptitious glance at his wrist-watch, when he felt a sudden shock like distant blasting.

The next second there was a huge roar and the roof of the armory started to fall in upon them. In a moment there was a mad, trapped frenzy and a rush for the door. His mind was curiously detached during the next few moments. All he could think was, "The Zeppelins must be able to come three thousand miles!" He found himself shouting this to his neighbor, who was smiling weakly and muttering about Gothas. A big beam fell six inches in front of his nose. He thought, "One more step and that would have killed me." At last they reached the open air. All that could be seen was a huge pillar of smoke about a mile high.

Then the horror began. They hatsily reformed ranks and awaited orders. There was a sudden gush of figures up the street and wounded began to surge in by twos and threes, aided, alone, crawling. A roll call revealed two dead, one blinded, and a hundred injured among the officers-to-be. And three thousand miles from France! Vague speculations were dashing through his mind when an officer galloped up the street on a frenzied horse and reined up by them.

"The Wellington Barracks are on fire. The ammunition is stored there."

"That means death," the man next to him grunted.

"'Arch!"

Down the smoking, tottering street the column swung, down towards the burning magazine.

"Sing, damn it; do something!" some one yelled. Above the crash of the falling masonry and the panicky cries of the people who passed, running desperately, arose a strange song, "Rule, Britannia," without tune or rhythm. People stopped and stared. A fat, half-naked man waved his arms and danced madly in front of the column.

"It's going up! Go back!" he screamed.

"Go to hell!" shouted a soldier, and the column roared with laughter.

When they reached the arsenal they found the fire out and the magazine safely flooded. One man burst into tears of relief. Bill felt a sudden desire to be sick and was.

They reformed hastily and marched down to the waterfront to help. For four square miles around the waterfront all the houses were completely swept away and dead and dying lay all about. Picking his way across a ruined wall, Bill came upon his first corpse: a bald caricature of humanity, grinning up at him. He nearly fainted in the cold wave of horror that swept over him.

Then for five hours they kept him busy sorting the living from the dead. From then on was mad horror beyond his wildest nightmares.

A man with his leg broken in two, the end hanging over the edge of the stretcher by a piece of tattered flesh and his face a pulp.... A body cut in half.... A building in flames, filled with screaming women, helpless.... Hospitals overflowing with wounded.... Guard duty in a driving blizzard for nine hours.... A frozen woman that he stumbled on in a snowdrift.... Complete exhaustion.... Sleep.... Blackness.... A *blessé* from France who said that France was nothing compared with this.... More sleep.

V.

For a week Jeanne's frantic telegrams brought no response. Then finally came a cable saying Bill was safe, followed by a letter. This letter was long and consisted merely of an account of what had happened. She read it, proudly, with tears, to her mother.

"Well, what are you going to do?"

Jeanne merely went to the telegraph office and sent an extra-special message to Bill.

"Am coming. Engage clergyman.

JEANNE."

Within an hour a reply was hurled at her by a breathless messenger.

"For God's sake don't come.

BILL."

"Is there any reply?" the panting boy asked.

"Yes. 'Am coming. Don't be silly!'"

VI.

But she^{*} was unable to reach Halifax except by devious ways. Through villages overflowing with wounded and destitute she passed. Finally she and her mother decided to travel no further, and it was in a hospital, crowded with delirious men, that Bill finally found her.

She arose from beside the cot and confronted the tall, gaunt, worn figure. She looked wan and untidy.

"Well, Bill—?" and she tilted a weary face to his.

He stepped back. "You shouldn't have come. I told you not to. This is no place for you."

She flamed with anger. "Why not? I came because I cared. If you don't, I'm sorry. But I'm needed here, anyway."

He stammered, "But how.—You've changed, Jeanne. You said you didn't know me."

"But I do know you, Bill," she breathed. "Since then I know so much—"

He still stood incredulous.

She pointed to the bandage across his brow. "Well—that—among other things—"

He looked puzzled. "Women are beyond me."

She looked at him from top to toe. "There is such a thing as revelation!—You pig! Aren't you going to kiss me?"

John F. Carter, Jr.

NOTE:—The description of Halifax and the letter are based with alterations on letters from a friend. The facts are, however, well authenticated.

BURNT SHIPS.

There are vague forms that wander endlessly
Among the rotting bones of old burnt ships;
They skim each soft sand-buried hulk that drips
With sluice and barnacles, unharmed, carefree,
Mocking the mocking gulls with mimicry
Of long-encoralled sailors, with their lips
Shrilling a vengeance as the blue eel slips
Between the charred ribs huddled in the sea.

I know that every sailing ship that leans
Before dark storm-winds holds a tossing soul!
I wonder if somewhere the breakers throw
Above their figured bows the silver screens
Of spray, and on far silent seas they roll
With cloudy sails, crews shouting as they go?

J. W. Andrews.

PORTFOLIO.

MY COW.

I know my cow's not beautiful,
 —I love her just the same,
 Her ways are very dutiful,
 And plainness is no shame.

Each morn before I pluck her milk,
 I stroke her gentle side.
 Her fur is warm, and smooth as silk
 Full length, and three yards wide.

She gives me butter, milk and cream,
 You'd scarce expect it of her,
 With art like this, it will not seem
 Grotesque that I should love her.

She is so shy and diffident,
 That now my song is sung,
 To cover her embarrassment,
 She hides behind her tongue.

Atropos.

—There was a clatter and a shriek around the corner, and
MEDDLERS people looked. A team of two horses careened
WITH CIR- into view, running away, and came at a gallop
CUMSTANCE down the car tracks. Everyone on the street
 withdrew tactfully to the sidewalk and watched. But one man
 stumbled, fell, paralyzed and lay in their path. The scene was
 now set for the rescue. The horses, as some one has beautifully
 said, came thundering on. Then events became kaleidoscopic.

A man dashed from the crowd, caught up the stumbler, dragged
 and flung him out of the way, was sent spinning by the slew of
 the wagon, and slid ten feet. The runaway went on, impersonally.

The rescued was the first to recover. The rescuer lay still.
 "Get an ambulance!" yelled some one, mindful of the unities.
 And people who had been hurrying breakneck a moment before
 to theatres, shopping, law cases, brokers' offices, jobs, directors'
 meetings, public libraries, rushed out to form a circle about the
 remains. The conventional handsomely gowned lady had pil-

lowed his head on her lap and was wiping his brow with a lace handkerchief. The man who had fallen stood palely over him, murmuring, "My gracious! My gracious! My gracious! My gracious!" The crowd stood on tiptoe, watching. A few more pickpockets came up, dancing with glee. The man was well dressed, but covered with dirt. His cheek was bleeding; his eyes were closed. The crowd said nothing; it had one sense—sight—and stood, calmly, watching.

Then the hero opened his eyes, and immediately closed the left one, into which the handsomely gowned lady had wiped some dust. Then he felt of his cheek. "What the—," he tried to scramble to his feet. He fell back again. The rescued held him up. "I've a car over here. Somebody help me get him over to it." They steered him away. The handsomely gowned lady put her handkerchief in her purse and walked off hurriedly. Doubtless she had an engagement at another accident. Two reporters came up. Three cops arrived and dispersed the crowd, which wanted to linger and look at the mark where he had slithered in the mud. Three watches and five purses were missed. Nineteen persons made excuses, late at appointments.

When the motor car had started, introductions were in order.

"My name is Barring—Woode Barring, and I want you to understand that I'm eternally at your service—"

"Oh, not at all," said the hero weakly, "not at all."

"That's all right. You saved my life. And at any time if I can serve you, even with my own life, it's yours."

The other smiled faintly. "Say," he said, "do you know, it hurts when I breathe. You don't suppose I broke a rib, do you?"

Instantly Barring was all excitement. He told the chauffeur to hit up speed, thought of calling ten doctors, and startled his maternal aunt by bringing in a bedraggled, bloody, dirty man, and calling for water, liniment, bandages, and doctors.

When the old doctor came downstairs, he put on his hat and stood a moment to talk with the aunt. "Ha!" he said. "Little crack in the fifth rib, that's all. Ha! Keep him abed for a few days. Knit better. Hm. No danger; no; absolutely. Two weeks' time. Ha! Ha!" He went out, stuffing his collar up under his chin. Aunt Barring went back to her embroidery

very flustered, and quite unable to accustom herself to the medical odors in the house.

But Range Whitely fitted in very well.

Range Whitely was the sort of man who stands with his head in the clouds. He pitied the reliance of man upon Providence. He disdained the materialist, the fatalist, the Benthamite. We, he believed, are our own heaven, hell, destiny. We direct our own affairs. We have the primal clutch upon the Infinite. And he pitied the dullards who let fall the reins, who just lived from day to day, although he admitted they made excellent picking for a Superman—like himself. They were lumps of clay, and he the sculptor. You can picture him leaping from bed in a morning, standing before a mirror, glorying in what physical strength he had, and reviewing as he buttoned his collar the circumstances he meant to direct, getting again in hand the strings that were to twitch his marionettes as he pleased throughout the day. But he had not been a very good drummer; perhaps he was too theatrical. And now, as he lay in his chair—he had refused to stay abed—it seemed the gods had been kind. A pair of wild horses had pitched him headforemost into a month's vacation at an exceedingly well-ordered, quiet suburban home, into the friendship of a man who protested again and again he owed his life to him, into the motherly care of an aunt who called him hero. It was his supreme opportunity.

One day when he had been wheeled downstairs and was allowed to breathe easily again, Woode brought in a girl. She had red lips, a delicate nose, a beautiful complexion; Range didn't notice much else. He had an impression that she had dark hair, and he had decided long ago that he preferred blondes, as more tractable. But that didn't matter. He had fallen in love with her. She was delightfully flustered at the beswaddled *blessé*, unshaven, and said something about his courage, etc. Range didn't hear anything of the conversation. He had begun laying his plans.

Next day, when the doctor had said he could walk about, he suffered a relapse. He found he was too weak to leave the chair.

And now that spring was in the air, he sat very much on the side lawn, under the chestnut, and very often, because he urged

her to, Marjorie Warren came and sat with him, and read. Once he fell asleep and woke with the fear that he had lost her favor for good. But she looked upon it as proof of his proximity to that bourn. He had his plan. He was to be very weak, and dependent, and despondent, at times. And when he recovered, he would call on Woode, for his sacrifice.

His plans worked admirably well. And when he thought he saw the proper misty depth in Marjorie's glance—but we'll skip all that.

Then it was time to begin on Woode. And besides—well, even if a young man has paraded into a household at the heels of an heroic rescue, welcomes wear out. So one night, after they had stood in the library and said good-night to Aunt Barring, as she dropped her little bow and fluttered delicately off, Range said, too, "Let's turn in." They went upstairs arm in arm, and at the door of his room, Range said suddenly, "Come into the room, Woode. We'll light a little fire and sit for half an hour or so."

They filled their pipes by the light of the fire, and set them alight with paper wisps Range had twisted in his convalescence. This was part of the scheme. Range lifted the handful of lighters meditatively.

"These," he said, "may just as well help burn the logs. Matches are better, anyway." And he made as if to throw them into the grate.

"Why do that, old man?" exclaimed Woode. "We'll use 'em."

"Not I."

"Why?"

"I'm going to-morrow."

"Not if we know it you aren't. Why, man, you've been abed these last four weeks. Your stay is just starting. I'm planning to give you one good time, for as long as you can possibly—"

"Business," murmured Range, in a tone that implied anything else. "Business, my dear boy; business."

"Business be hanged. You can hardly stand on your feet now. And if you try to go back to the city it will ruin you. Doc says so."

(Doc had said nothing of the kind.)

"No, I've got to go."

"Don't think of it."

"My God, man, I've got to go! I can't stand it any longer. My God, man!"

It literally brought Woode out of his chair.

"Why," he said, "why; why; what do you mean?"

Range was evidently terribly excited, and trying to conceal it. He made a transparent attempt to conceal the outburst.

"Oh—ah; it gets on my nerves to leave my business for so long. Several important deals—preying on my mind. I must leave before I go any further."

Woode was completely flabbergasted. "Go any further? Tell me what you mean, Range. Don't forget I owe it to you that I'm sitting here. I've told you I'd do anything for you."

Range (very seriously): "I try to forget that, Woode."

"For Heaven's sake, what's the matter with you? Try to forget it! It's all I think of. What can ail you!"

Range (gesturing finality): "I must get back to business. I'll leave you as I found you. And Marjorie is a girl who will be proud of you and you will be proud of her. I must get back."

Woode (bewildered): "Marjorie?"

Range: "Yes, I must get back to the desk. It's what I need and—good God! Woode, you've been my good friend. How can I do you dirt? I love Marjorie, and she loves—no, I've no right to say that."

Woode leaned over and poked the fire in an absent sort of way.

"You say you love Marjorie," he said, "and you think she loves you."

"No, I said nothing at all, Woode. Woode, don't make it harder for me."

Woode still patted the fire with his poker. Range, watching him, was already beginning to plan his honeymoon. It took a long time to get the fire just right.

"Range," said Woode, slowly and evenly, "I'm ready. Sit down here and tell me just all about this. I'll get it out of you before I go, and the quicker you tell me the easier it will be for me."

"Well, old man, I want you to understand first, last and all the time that I've played fair. I have made no attempt to win Marjorie away from you. And she's so sweet and natural, that I doubt yet if she thinks she holds me in more than a warm, a very warm sisterly regard. Perhaps after all—I never was more startled, I pledge you, than when she kissed me."

"Has she kissed you?"

"Yes."

Woode moved his hands, and rose. "This is a bitter pill, Range. But I know you played fair, and if—if you've won her, it's all right. I—congratulate you, heartily."

It was really touching. Range gazed earnestly at himself in his glass as he undressed. Not so good looking; it was the mind, the Mind. He settled into his pillow with a little self-satisfied smile. And slept well.

Next day, at breakfast, Woode announced that he had been called to New York. Range, as a member of the family, was to occupy the head of the table. That afternoon, Marjorie ran over crosslots. She was piqued at Woode's abrupt departure. Range walked with her to the boathouse, to look over the launch before running it out. On the way home, they admired a line of saplings against the sunset. Next evening they went to a dance, and rode home, bathed in moonlight, under the usual starry dome. How beautiful is Nature! He kissed her—oh, any number of times.

Next afternoon he proposed. It was on the side lawn, under the chestnut, with its white blossoms. It had flowered, like their love.

She heard him out, with that misty, deep gloom in her eyes, and a flush under her beautiful skin.

"Do you really love me as you say you do?" she asked when he had finished. He indicated acquiescence.

"Then, dear Range, you will be willing to wish me happiness. I have always loved Woode, and I think I always shall. I am sorry if you didn't understand."

There had been a Superwoman in the case.

Robert M. Coates.

ODE ON VIEWING A GREEN CATERPILLAR THROUGH A MICROSCOPE.

Thank God! I have a wall of glass
Between me and this beast.
Those nasty eyes, the hue of grass,
Dissolve in spots that seethe like yeast

Of white, blue, scarlet, orange, green.
The feathers round his little claws!
Thank Heaven! It's all this machine
Combined with optics' laws.

The tiny spikes about the tail
Transfix me with alarm.
Thank Heaven! I am still at Yale.
God keep the plants from harm!

But oh! the horror of its mouth,
That ever-working lathe,
That frightful mechanistic drouth,
The *things* that cause such scathe,

Those pasty grindings to and fro,
Those clamps that clutch and bite.
'Tis dreadful. This one fact I know:
I shall not sleep to-night.

And if I sleep—perchance I'll dream
(To quote) of goblin jaws
That gulp me down like clotted cream
Within strange, frothy maws.

J. F. Carter, Jr.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Board of Control.

A. R. Hyatt, R. F. Blair and J. E. Wooley.

Torch Honor Society.

H. W. Cheel, 1918 S., of Ridgewood, N. J.

Pipe and Bowl.

Grenville M. Parker, of Hartford, Conn.; Jeremiah V. B. Jenks, of Harbor Beach, Mich.; William H. Herod, of Indianapolis, Ind.

Dining Hall.

Executive Committee: President, E. F. Campbell; Vice-President, not elected; Secretary, F. D. Carter; Food and Service Committee: F. A. Nelson, Chairman; Frank C. Luce and S. R. Detweiler; Rights and Privileges Committee: F. D. Carter, Acting Chairman; Winter Mead and H. S. Judd; Music Committee: A. G. Knight, Chairman; G. S. Franklin and R. W. Seitz.

Dramatic Association Elections.

W. J. Carr, 1919; L. M. Loeb, 1919; T. R. Coward, 1919; J. W. Andrews, 1920; S. H. Knox, 1920.

Record Elections.

Judson S. Bradley, 1918, to the Editorial Board, and Ralph Polk Manny, 1919 S., to the Business Board.

Soccer.

J. D. Darby, 1919, of Merion, Pa., Captain; J. P. Andrews, 1920 S., of Naugatuck, Conn., Assistant Manager.

Yale Sheffield Monthly.

Eliot G. Farrington, Photographic Editor, and Joseph M. Hoopes, as Circulation Manager, to 1919 S. Board.

Water Polo.

Eugene Peterson, 1918, as Captain.

• *Athletic Team Managers.*

The following were elected and approved as acting managers of their respective teams:

Frank Peavey Heffelfinger, 1920, of Minneapolis, Minn., Acting Manager of the University Football Team.

Philip C. Walsh, 3rd, 1919 S., of Newark, N. J., Acting Manager of the University Swimming Team.

Treat Payne Andrew, 1920 S., of Naugatuck, Conn., Acting Manager of the University Soccer Team.

Edward Harvey Cushing, 1919, of Cleveland, Ohio, Acting Manager of the University Hockey Team.

NOTABILIA.

—If the world were consistent, we should all die of boredom. We will have contrasts; and we get them.

THE dom. Mars walks with Cupid. It is the wail of every
GESTURE soap-box speaker that "the world is rampant with
FOREGONE hatred." No less hackneyed is the remark of every matronly gossip that "there have been so many marriages this season." And Why? Sometimes these *affaires du coeur* are normal, inevitable. Splendid! We offer our congratulations with the rest. We speak, however, of the surplus, the marginal matrimony. Contrary to perfectly good Teuton thinking, we are unable to regard this marginal product as laudable public service. We cannot get away from the somewhat personal element involved. We cannot forget it, even in favor of the dramatic glamor attached to the farewell of the martial lovelorn. "The courage of the crisis" has now become "the courage of the commonplace." The man who throws his hat into the ring is not automatically a hero; he is respected as a normal man. But the man who goes away without deliberately searching out some unoffending young thing, upon whom to pour out the jewels of his mythical "soul"—this man we deem a hero; we salute him as a rarity.

—It is to be hoped that the recent proposal of the Student

AN Council to investigate extra-curriculum activities
OUTRAGEOUS contemplates nothing radical. It has been sug-
PROPOSAL. gested that the purpose of this move is to restrict all extra-curriculum activities not vital to the efficiency of the R. O. T. C. It has been suggested that the ideal war-time Yale should contain only studies, R. O. T. C. training, and *News*. We assume that these suggestions are libels on the Student Council. For on the face of them they are absurd. Yale, one of the largest of American universities, is presumably an intellectual center. To attempt to destroy or restrict all the cultural and artistic avocations of such a University would be ludicrous. This is

true because it has likewise been libelously asserted that the reason for such an action is that the *Lrr.*, *Record*, *Dramat.*, etc., take up too much of the time of men in uniform. To preserve as vital under such a patriotic scheme the *News*, which notoriously works its numerous heelers harder and more consistently than any other publication, absolutely invalidates such an argument.

We hope that the little committees of the Student Council succeed in bracing up the work of the R. O. T. C. But for the purposes of reform it is utterly unnecessary to interfere with that side of undergraduate life which is most intellectual and most permanently well worth while. For any individual, individuals, or organization to suggest such folly, such narrow-minded condemnation of certain intellectual avocations, is insolent and impertinent.

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All communications with regard to the EDITORIAL MANAGEMENT of the periodical must be addressed to PHILIP BARRY, Chairman. Communications with regard to the BUSINESS MANAGEMENT, to the Business Manager. Both should be sent care of THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Agamemnon scowled ferociously as he read through the heaps of thrice-condemned manuscripts and marked them with the "See me's" and "Please revise's" and "Good stuff's" that betray the novice.

Atropos was not there. She had departed on the trail of the Business Board, armed with a writ of assistance and a shotgun. Chloe bent her fair head over a heap of foolscap scrawled with rare cuneiforms—she said it was a little poem.

Thus spoke Zoe, emboldened and embittered by experience, "See here, girls, we've just got to get out the January number."

"Why?" sub-acid-ed Agamemnon. "It isn't March yet, is it?"

"The College will stand a lot, but it won't—"

"The College will stand for anything!" said Chloe. "It said so in the *News*."

"I don't care fudge for what the *News* said!" screamed Zoe. "I believe that a monthly paper should be a monthly paper instead of a—"

"Daily joke?" suggested Agamemnon.

"Well," said Chloe, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Do? I can't do a thing. I rely on your support to back me in my attitude against Aggie."

"How ridiculous!" said Agamemnon.

"I've been writing a little poem," said Chloe.

Both knew enough not to speak. Useless!

"Do you want to hear it?" continued Chloe, waving her mistresspiece at the pitiful pair.

No answer.

"All right! I'll read it! It's called *Amaryllis*."

"*Amaryllis*

(What a word!)

Rhymes with *trellis*.

How absurd!"

"Why don't you try free verse?" inquired Agamemnon.

Zoe drew Chloe aside and whispered gently in her rosy ear. "But 'trellis' doesn't rhyme with 'Amaryllis.' It would have to be 'tryllis' or 'Amarellis'."

"That's just it!" retorted Chloe. "How absurd! It *is* absurd."

"But it doesn't rhyme!" protested Zoe, dumbfounded at such casuistry. "You might as well try to rhyme 'time' and 'crime,' or 'old' and 'bold,' or 'you' and 'glue.' Heavens! What have I said?"

Zoe collapsed in a heap on the floor, uttered little inarticulate cries, spoke of "rhymes" and "crimes," of "January numbers."

"Poor girl!" sobbed Chloe. "'She lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.'"

"So they have!" remarked Atropos, entering with the bloody scalps of two business heelers. "Here's the January one at last!"

ZOE.

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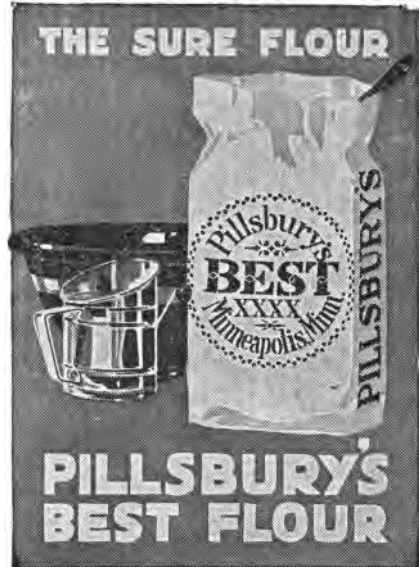
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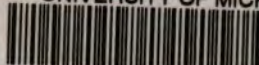
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